THE BADY'S BED.

The baby must have a cradle."
The fair young acceptant:
"He must have a place of bisvess own.
To neetle his precisely head:
He shall have a downy pillow,
And a coveriet soft and white,
And the lattice work shall be woven through

With ribbans dainty and bright.' "Oh, yes; he must have a cradle!" The proud young father said.
As he smoothed with tremulous fingers "He will take a world of comfort,

As he slowly, sleepily swings. Half waking and half dreaming, While his mother rocks him and sings." So planned the fond young parents, As they watched their darling's grace-

Yet they did not duy a cradle
For the baby a-resting place;
But they bought a tiny casket
As white as the drifted snow,
And their hearts were well nigh broken

And their neares weight of woe. And they laid the beautiful baby In a bed of his very own, And strewed it with smiles and lilles. And roses white and half blown: And his pillow was soft and downy. The blossoms covered his breast, And he slept and needed no rocking

To deepen his quiet rest.

- Lillian Grey in Good Housekeeping.

LIVING IN PAPER BAGS.

For he's going to marry Yum-Yum, He's going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum, He's going to marry Yum-Yum.

This last note is drawled out in a miserable attempt at a profound bass bythe freshest, sweetest, clearest voice in the world, and is followed by a silvery peal of laughter so like a bird's joyous trill that for a moment I am inclined to think it is only a continuation of the chorus of the little songsters that have been singing outside my window all morning. But a moment's reflection convinces me otherwise, and I rise slowly from my desk, where I have been struggling all morning with a perplexing account book; and glance out of my window in the direction whence the sound proceeds.

It is one of the loveliest, sunniest May days. The sky is cloudless-blue. The orchard is powdered with snowy apple blossoms, which last night's rain has washed from the trees, and standing under them, rifling them of their remaining glories, are my sister Genevieve and her devoted lover, Charley Somers. This young man has been, to use the housemaid's expression, "hanging around" Vieve for many months, and while he is not particularly brilliant nor particularly wise, he is good and kind, and what is more-at least to us in our financial embarrassments-rich.

Vieve has many admirers, for she is lovely and winsome, but willful in the extreme. At present her choice seems to waver between this young man and another-a Professor Moore, in our college-which college is the pride and delight of our village. The latter met Genevieve last season at a famous watering place, whither she had been taken by one of our friends, a gay, worldly woman who delights to act as chaperon to lovely young girls, as an excuse for mingling in the gayeties of such places herself, and then when the season is over allows them to drift back to their quiet, dull country homes and narrow, sordid lives. Whether this is a wise or useful experience for young girls I very much doubt, but at any rate it has not spoiled Gene-vieve. She comes back to us fresh and gay and smiling as ever; takes up the old burdens with only an occasional outbreak when some pressing economy is needed, or something which she considers especially mean has to be done because their advantages. ere is no money with which to do better.

We are very poor. My mother died when Vieve was three years old and our brother still a baby. To me these children are my life. For their dear sakes no sacrifice is too great. Our old country home is lovely and comfortably fitted up, but when my father died, five years ago, we found ourselves almost destitute, with only the barest pittance for an income. This I am trying bravely to eke out until our boy is old enough to put his shoulder to the wheel. Anything to keep the old home together and keep my lovely young sister under my wing, rather than send her out, in her beautiful freshness, to labor for her daily bread

and grow hardened in so doing.

We have the most absurdly ridiculous nicknames. I was christened Elanor in the delusive hope, I suppose, that I would grow up into a tall, stately princess, to do credit and honor to the house. "But, alas! like many human hopes-all vain! To the whole neighborhood Miss Elanor West is only a dumpy, stout little spinster, with glasses awry on her nose and an everlasting account book in her hand. Later in life Genevieve dubbed me Eve because of my inordinate curiosity-still later Adam, because, she asserted laughingly, I had the curiosity of Eve and Adam combined. So this latter has grown to be my constant appellation. We have all sorts of quaint names for her. The boy was christened Ethelbert, but in my younger days, acting as a mother to him, I called him "Treasure mostly. This soon shortened into "Tredge" in our familiar, affectionate, way; so Tredge he is, and Tredge he

Glancing out of the window I see Vieve and Mr. Somers sauntering flowly toward the house. She is bright and gay-he, moody and desperate looking. Vieve swings her broad hat carelessly on her arm, and I see that the wicked girl has decorated the poor young man with apple blooms until he looks like & veritable Bottom. But I also see that he is fiercely plucking them off, and as they pass through the hall the floor is strewn with the delicate, dainty things which he has cast from him. She gives me a wicked glance as they pass my door, while he bestows upon me a courteous, cool-very cool-good morning, Miss Elanor," and hurries out through the gate. Genevieve rushes in with a

will be to the end of the chapter.

"Well, Ad, who next?"

"Oh, Vieve," I say ruefully, "that young man has gone and done it again,

"He has, dear old Ad," she admit-"But I think this time is the last. I would not, Ad-I could not be so mean and small, you know."

She throws herself at my feet, her head upon my knees, her eyes wandering out to the orchard, where, evidently, a very tragic scene has taken place. She goes on hurriedly:

"I know I said if Charley Somers ever proposed to me again I would accept. I know I said I was tired of this pinching life-for" timidly, "you know it is pinching, Ad, dear. I know I said I had heard of the great inconvenience of living in trunks-I tried that last season in the mountains; even the lesser inconvenience of living in bureau drawers. I know I said last week, when I came home from Mrs. Graham's, with her elegant, artistic house and pantries stocked-literally overflowing with the good things of life -I said I could not endure living in paper bags any longer-I know I did; but, Ad, when Charley today offered me his hand -full, ves, full, Ad, of every comfort and hxury-somehow," she says, hesitatingly, "I could not. I don't know why, but I couldn't."

"Well, dear," I reply slowly, "if you don't love him"-

"That's it, Adam," she says, positively, "I don't and can't; so, dear old Ad, it's

paper bags a little longer." over.
"All right dear," I say meekly; "if yet." you feel that way, but-if you could, you know-of course, only if you could, how nice it would be!"

"'Yes," she says, laughing merrily, "very nice, but I am afraid I offended him this time beyond redemption. I am afraid, Ad, dear," slowly, "I behaved very badly, for do you know there rushed over my mind the picture of me 'toddling away on my wedding day with the lord high executioner,' and I behaved -yes, very badly, Adam. I don't want Charley, Ad. I want nobody but you. "All right," I say, teasingly, "but take

care you never want any Moore.' "Adam!" she says, sternly shaking her finger at me as she rises, with the faint-est blush upon her face, "if you are ever guilty again of such an execrable par I shall bring Charley right in and make you marry him offhand, to save our fam-

ily honor, and, better, our credit!" The next evening, as it is growing dusk, I am sitting on the front piazza amid clustering vines, whose fragrant blooms are bending them down, waiting for Vieve to come home from dress parade on College Hill. The moon is slowly rising, and I know she has wandered into a walk with some one of her fervent devotees, and will likely come home with another victim dangling at her heels. I have scarcely thought this until I see her approaching-with two victims-Mr. Somers and Geoffry Moore. How she has inveigled Charley into her toils again, after yesterday's exploit, I cannot imagine-but there he is, and to him she is chatting gayly, glibly, almost ignoring the stately professor who walks

gravely beside them. I cannot shut my eyes to the difference between these men, though one is rich, the other poor.

Alas! that I have grown so mercenary and little-even over the question of my darling's heart! The one—gay, debonair, but shallow. The other—noble, manly, such a sure, safe protector and guide for my wayward Genevieve; but then, those little, cramping ills of poverty!

The night is so lovely that they sit down beside me on the piazza, and now
—sure that she has snared her bird safely again-she turns the battery of her irresistible forces upon the professor, and is provoking, bewitching, exasperating, all in one breath. In some way the conversation turns upon rank and wealth and

of course," she says; "but then I never could love any one but a man who can give me all the luxury of wealth."

The first sentence evidently to snub poor Charley. The last to frown down any presumptuous advances on the part

of the professor. "I do not believe that, Miss Genevieve," he says gravely. "You belie yourself. What good to a true woman's heart are all the comforts and dainty things that wealth can purchase if there be no love? What good the honor and rank of a thousand dead ancestors if the present man be wanting in nobleness?

"A great deal," she says decidedly. "I should want to know that his family had been great and-wealthy, for ages and ages-with old family portraits handed down for generations-coats of arms and all that sort of thing. Why, even as to ourselves," she adds with a curious twinkle in her eyes, "Ad, what is our family insignia-our old heraldic coat of arms?"

This with a gracious, questioning glance at me, when she knows we have always been nobodies.

"What did you say, Adam, dear?" "Oh, Vievel" I stammer in reply, "why will you fry to turn everything into ridi-

cule? You know I cannot"-"Ad," she says, "you are too modest. You underrate your own descriptive abilities. Well! I can't describe, but I can draw. Mr. Moore, will you kindly lend me a card and a pencil?"

And that gentleman producing these articles, that and actions girl draws a very fored rable geocer's paper bag and gravely hands it to him. He glances at it in a

mystified manner. recklessly, "you might inflate it a little —a very little, wee bit, for there is very little in it, Ad, dear, isn't there?"

Three days later, Vieve and the pro-Tessor have gone out riding. She was very dainty looking and gay when they set out, but to me his face had an unfamiliar look; as though he had made up his mind to risk all and try his fate. My heart is stirred to its depths, for there is no light, shallow love to be easily set This man will never forget, and Yet Vieve will never wed poverty. She cannot love the rich man, so will have none of him; she does not love—ah, is that true? I am afraid she loves the poor man-but at all events she will not marry him. So there is nothing left, shelf and often forgotten when the girl as we children used to say when we rushes to the stage. Of course there are

grave and quiet as he lingers on the piuzza a few minutes. When he has gone she comes in very quietly. When I assist her to remove her riding dress

"Ad, dear, this ride has given me such a fearful headache that I cannot see any of those chattering boys tonight. Entertain them for me, please, won't you,

This is all she says to me, although I know there is something wrong, and late that night, when the "boys" are all gone, I find her with her fair head lying in the moonlight in the window.

"Don't light the lamp yet, 'she says, as I come in. "I want to tell you, Ad, dear. This hasn't been quite like the rest," very wearily and sadly, "for I like him very much, but oh, Ad, we have been poor so long. I could not wrong you all so much by not doing better for you than this. But he is true, Ad, so we won't laugh over it, you know." Her face is turned away from me a moment. "Well, it is settled now, so go to bed.

dear. I will come directly. "Vieve," I began passionately, "if you care for this man'don't wreck his own life

"Hush, Ad!" she intercupts. "It is all over. I guess I'll have to take Charley

A week later Vieve and I are in the parlor reading when Professor Moore comes in, very pale, but resolute, to say goodby. He is going away, he says, as ne found he could give up his present position for a better, "and," he adds bitterly, "this place has become unendurable to me.

I glance at Vieve. She is deadly pale, and the scarlet roses at her fair throat are trembling. He has but a moment in which to say goodby, so I extend my hand, feeling very regretful that we must lose this noble, true friend.

Why will they all fall in love with Vieve?

"Miss Elanor," he says, his voice slightly trembling, "I shall never forget your great kindness to me. May God bless you for it! I shall probably never e vou again"-

He pauses-my hand trembles and I turn away.
"Vieve," he says, hurriedly, "goodby."

'Goodby," she says, her face very pale. I am sorry-I know you can never care for me again-I know you never will"-"Vieve," he interrupts gravely, "I shall always love you as I do now,

"I know," she replies pettishly. "You are disappointed with me. You thought I was better, nobler, truer.'

I am provoked with her. Womanlike, she is trying to make him still think well of her, even when she has bidden him leave her.

"Hush, Vieve," he says. "Goodby. It is all over now." He lets her hand fall and turns away to leave the room. "Adam!" she cries passionately, "don't let him go!"

I do not move. If anything is to be done, she must do it. "Geoffrey!" she says softly, crimson-

ing at her own audacity. He pauses irresolutely. "Geoffrey," still more softly and going nearer to him. "It is not all over. I do care for you. Stay! I love you very dearly and I am willing to be your wife as you asked me."

He turns and takes her in his arms. I am softly crying to myself by this time, for she is noble and true after all.

"I do love you," she says, bravely, but her face is half hidden. "I don't mind poverty—with you." This with an indescribable, adoring look, which takes away the last remnants of doubt the young man has left. Then she looks up at him with eyes full of laughter and says, "I just love to live in paper bags!" At that I leave in disgust.

Two months afterward they are married. But his little secret is out. He is wealthy-far wealthier than Mr. Somers, and had only used this ruse to see if Vieve was true enough to love him for himself. When the wedding cards came out everybody was a little mystified, for, while very elaborate and costly, the outside cover bore a quaint design, much resembling the ordinary paper bag used by tradesmen generally. But being Professor Moore's they were pronounced "quite unique—so artistic, you know. But where did they ever get the idea? Vieve casts down her eyes very de-

murely and says: "I can't imagine, Ad, can you?"-Betty M. Thomas in Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Unexpected Solution.

At a Sunday school service a clergyman was explaining to a number of smart little urchins the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and, to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said:

"For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I don't get any water?"

He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing.

"Can no one tol me what I have neglected?' reiterated the good man, looking at the many wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem. "I know," squeaked a little five-year-

"You don't pay up!"-Lippincott's.

Dauger of Theater Fires.

"It's a wonder to me," says an actress, "that there are not more theater fires. Many dressing rooms have unprotected gas jets, the long flames swaying with every draft. Only the other night my Gainsborough hat, loaded with feathers. ignited and blazed to ruins on my head. Then the girls are often so careless. In the haste of quick changes a stub candle is set up in its own grease on a wooden counted the buttons on our dresses, but "beggar man" and "thief." God forbid!

They came in quite late. She has a flush upon her smooth, round cheek, but a troubled look in her eyes. He is very "beggar man" and "thief." God forbid! acts, but it would not be hard to have no one to see them in time." Which is told not to produce disquiet, but to enforce extra caution.—New York Times. DECEPTION AMONG WOMEN.

Why Husbands and Pathers Are to Blame for Much Apparent Dishonesty. Since the field of woman's work has broadened, it has been discovered that the proportion of women clerks, cashiers and forewomen, who betray the trust reposed in them, is much less than that of male employes. Opposite this, as if the purpose were to balance the sins of the sexes, we find the simple proposition that, as a rule, women are more deceptive than men, but the deception is practiced either in small matters or in senti-

If we eliminate love from the calculations, woman is still the more deceptive in small things. That is to say, she may plead guilty to petit larceny, while her big brother covers the entire gamut, from grand larceny to murder. If this were true, it is not difficult to account for the difference between man and womankind. The majority of women depend largely upon their husbands, fathers or brothers. In the maintenance of the house and table, to say nothing of personal adornment, there are very few men who place their purse at their wife's disposal. Nineteen out of twenty have seen their mothers appealing to the head of the house for money that should have been given to her as hers by right.

The man's point of view and the woman's point of view are so far apart that it takes time to bridge it, and as the woman is usually the bridge builder, what wonder if she wearies, resolves to take the shortest, and easiest way and practices some small deception? Many a girl with honest impulses, candid to a fault, has been mated to a man whose lack of sensibility, sordid views of life, greed or indifference changed the entire character of her life. She has kept her own counsel and "managed" her husband to the best of her ability. Is this excusable ROBT. MAYS. deception?

Many years ago the judges in England ruled that if a man had avenues of flight open, no matter how sorely he might be beset, to turn and slay his assailant was murder, and many thousands were hanged for preferring to kill another rather than stand or be overtaken and slain. Of late the judges have changed the ruling. The interpretation of the law is different. Whereas in former years no man dare assail his opponent until he was driven to the wall, now we have the common sense decision that a man need not flee from an assassin, turning his back and inviting death. He may face his opponent and kill him rather than risk being killed. If this ruling is just, what shall we say of the indifference deprives their wives or daughters of the opportunity to enjoy life within their means?

The best answer to the assertion that women are more deceptive than men is found in those families where the parents do not discriminate against their daughters; where it is assumed that the daughters are entitled to as much money as the earnings of the minors are common stock. The girls practice no more deception than the boys. They develop into independent, fair minded women. And they may be relied upon to preserve their self respect and the respect due COR. SECOND AND FEDERAL STS., their husbands.

In the practical, everyday affairs of life the equality taught by the master is impressed in a manner that makes character. And characterless women are the only companions that characterless men are worthy of .- Pittsburg Bulletin.

Three Ancient Trees.

laying out of the town of Washington in 1783. The commissioners who made the survey began their work under the great white oak in the front yard of Judge Andrews' old home at Haywood. Through the following century this was one of the finest trees in Wilkes county. Another historical tree is the great pop lar on the Alexander homestead. In 1790 the first ordination of a Presbyterian minister west of the Savannah river took place under that tree. This was Rev. John Springer, a man of noted character and talents, and who would have been president of Franklin college had he

Finally, coming down later in time we reach the memorable debate between Robert Toombs and Benjamin Hill in 1856? This was one of the greatest intellectual contests in the history of Georgia, and will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It took place under an oak in the grove of Haywood. It was followed by a typical barbecue of the old south.-Washington (Ga.) Gazette.

Two Bipeds Meet.

A gentleman slowly sauntering down Seventeenth street the other night was startled by a shrill whistle that sounded close behind him. He naturally stopped and looked around, but saw no one. He started on, but had proceeded only a few yards when the whistle, louder and shriller than before, was repeated. Again he looked around, and again he saw no one. Then his heart misgave him, for the hour was almost midnight Vague, unutterable fears clutched at his soul, until his sleek locks grew to resem ble the quills of that notoriously fretful

porcupine.

But suddenly the mystery was solved. He chanced to glance overhead, think-ing that probably, like the May Queen, he had heard the angels call, when he perceived a parrot in a cage that dangled from a second story window. The eyes of the feathered and featherless bipeds met, and the parrot quickly and appropriately remarked, "What are you looking at, you blamed fool!"-Philadel-

How Acorns Are Eaten.

Acorns form an important article of diet among many tribes of Indian. They are bruised into meal and made ally soaked preliminary in water to take away its bitter taste. Acorns are stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in trees by wood packers, and in the stored away in the s times of scarcity the natives rob these deposits.-Washington Star.

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